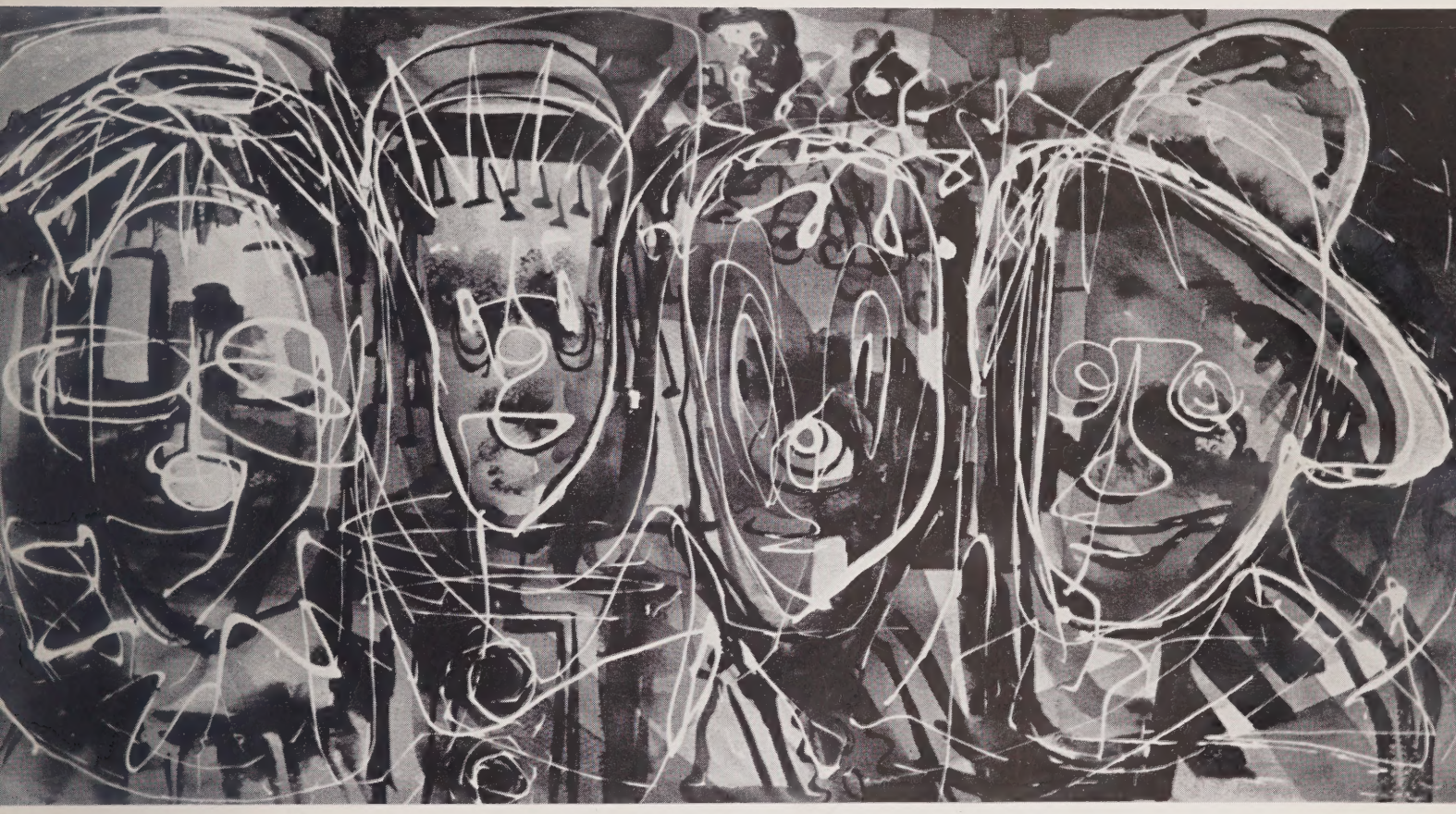

The Quill

Queens College
Charlotte, N. C.
OCTOBER, 1958

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from the quill to you who don't read it . . .

Okay, so you'd rather read eye charts than editorials—they bore you. And the short stories are too long. And you can read about world events in the newspaper. And poetry gives you a pain.

So what are you interested in? You want to know why we can't have more than three cuts? You want to know what's with the faculty? You'll find one man's opinion on page five.

Did you miss going to Europe (with the rest of the school) this summer? For the scoop with a slant—page seven.

Or maybe you'd just like to know what our own Mrs. Cumming is doing now. You miss her too? She wrote you a letter—page nineteen.

And for a surprise package—*The First One* on page seventeen.

And if none of these things grab you, consider yourself up ole creek without the proverbial paddle.

But then, maybe the cartoons and pictures will be on your level.

Alita White

"A COMMUNITY OF EXCELLENCE!"

DEAN CURTIS LARSON

It would not be at all surprising if students, faculty, and administration at this juncture of the school year were feeling very much like the man about whom Sir Christopher Wrenn speaks. "This man," says Sir Christopher, "was very confused and in describing his condition consequently mixed his metaphors"; "he was," he said, ". . . adrift on the thorny and indigestible sea of education." I have the feeling that if we are going to avoid any more than is absolutely inescapable of that kind of experience, each of us probably repeatedly will have to come to his own terms with what it means to be a member of this community. Our President during a chapel talk reminded us of the statement of aims to be found in the catalogue. I hope that since then you have gone back to re-study it, and I hope that many times you will try to work out what it means for you personally.

In the last few months I too have been spending a little time with that question, and I offer you this morning one of the conclusions upon which I have arrived. I think you might summarize in one sentence the meaning of the Statement of Aims by saying that a Christian liberal arts college is a community of persons devoted to the love of all excellence. By this I mean that it offers the members of the community three magnificent opportunities. One of these opportunities is to learn how to love excellence. It is not hard to do this. Almost by nature human beings love excellence. It is almost impossible to conceive of a person's knowing that X is worse than Y and still choosing X. This is the reason that Socrates and Plato took the position that it is impossible for a man to know the good and still do evil. I suspect that most of you are here just because you already have a love for an excellence which you wish to draw closer to yourself. But apparently we need instruction in how to love excellence. Otherwise, how do you explain the fact that we do choose evil? For example, some of you have worked hard to get here; others of you almost moved heaven and earth to be admitted. But what happens when students get to the campus? Almost the first question is, "How many times may I cut class?" There is this strange thing about people —they do not necessarily love that which they know is excellent.

One of the modern leaders of business has put the point very well. Charles Brower, the president of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, one of the big advertising agencies of New York City, in speaking before the National Sales Executives Club in Washington on May 20th of this year said, This is ". . . the great era of the 'goof-off,' the age of the job half-done. The land from coast to coast has been enjoying a stampede away from responsibility. It is populated with laundrymen who won't iron shirts, with waiters who won't serve, with carpenters who will come around some day, maybe . . . with students who take cinch courses because the hard ones make them think." I have to say Amen to this. I would amend it in only one way: he needn't limit himself to examples from the fields of labor and education. What is the business policy of "planned obsolescence" but another expression of the "goof-off"?

In any case most of us would admit that we do need training in how to love *all* excellence. Probably none of us would say that he is in love with *all* of the excellences that he might love. At this point our Christian heritage calls us to book. *Genesis* tells us that after God had finished the process of creation, He looked upon all that He had made and said, "It is good, very good." *All* that He had made, mind you. Recall the beginning of Jesus' ministry. His response to one of the temptations was, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by *every* word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The word of truth, the word of wisdom, the word of beauty, the word of integrity as well as the word of bodily need—all of these words are needed. And so the author of the Fourth Gospel has in the mouth of Jesus the statement that He has come to give life abundantly. Now you English teachers, there is a tautology, if I've ever heard one: "life" by definition involves abundance. Still I think this tautology is quite appropriate in order to hammer home the truth that Christ means not just some little spark of life, but life . . . abundantly! And so the Apostle urges his dear frinds in Philippi to think about what is just and true and honest and pure and lovely—about whatever is excellent.

This is the reason that faculty behave as they do. They are trying to help students learn to love all excellence. Naturally, therefore, they are forever impatient with the word-counting method of writing a paper. Of course, they must be ill at ease with the student whose aim it is to second-guess what will be on the quiz so she won't have to study anything else. I remember a young man at Yale who just before a test asked one of the great professors whether ". . . all of that stuff before Socrates in the History of Philosophy . . ." would be on the test. When the professor said, "No, I don't think you need to worry about that," the boy exclaimed, "Do you mean I have been wasting my time on that?"

You will find that it is very difficult to persuade me to approve an over-load if you are a student who has not been doing superbly on a normal load; for essentially a college education cannot be measured in credit hours, but only in your growing love for excellence. Faculty behave as they do because at least in this respect they are like the God whom C. S. Lewis described as being ". . . easy to please, but hard to satisfy."

Such a community offers a second opportunity, that of studying the nature of excellence. This is what you do in most of your courses; in the arts courses—in literature, in drama, music, painting or sculpture—what are you doing but studying what is the nature of beautiful music, of excellent composition, of fine structure and communicative imagery—of excellence in all ways? What are you doing in the sciences but studying what is really a true description of nature; indeed, not just a true one, but a fruitful one as well? What are you doing in ethics, but studying which is the best course of action?

There is a great deal of debate on the particulars, on, for example, what particular painting is excellent or what particular theory is a bad one. Barbara Ward, that roving public relations woman for the British Empire, at the Conference on Freedom at Kenyon College in May of 1957 called attention to some women in the British West Indies who had

been singing a Calypso song describing what they want, that is, what they think is excellent. As she listened carefully she gathered that these women want a "Jaguar" and a "been-to." On further inquiry she discovered that a "Jaguar" is, of course, a highly colored sports car; and a "been-to" is a man who has been to America and England. Well, other people think other things are excellent; but insofar as a college is an institution for passing on knowledge, what we are doing here is passing on knowledge of what men have thought excellent. In doing this your faculty are most competent.

The Christian college of liberal arts offers the third magnificent opportunity: to study how to live *without* excellence. I mention this not because I am motivated by any desire to be either cynical or cute, but because of what I understand to be the Christian doctrine of man. I take it that the heart of that doctrine is that man, in his natural state and in his redeemed state, falls short of the glory of God—all men and all women. Each of you will have discovered that whenever you have gone to the mirror and asked, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest one of all?" it has never given you a really satisfying answer. I will say that I think that if we could get the whole Queens student body before some vast mirror it probably would say, "Y'all are the prettiest ones of all." But to individuals the response of the mirror is always a hedging one. "You may be the prettiest one of all *in this county.*" "You may be the prettiest one of all, *but not for long.*" "You may be the brightest one of all, *but only for this or that subject.*" Always the excellences that we seek for ourselves are just beyond our fingertips, or, perhaps, a long way off. So I say that the most important and by far the most difficult task of the members of the community of the Christian liberal arts college is to learn how to be in love with excellence and yet live in this state of permanently unrequited love.

To put it another way, the essence of the task is (1) to learn to live realistically so as not to kid yourself about who you are or where you are living; (2) to live realistically in such a way that you are still hopeful, so that you move *toward* the excellence which you partially realize; and (3) to do these things in such a way that the tension between your realism and your hope does not destroy either you or your love for excellence. Some bright person once defined an adolescent as "Someone who partly is and wholly hopes to be." This, I submit, is an accurate description of any healthy human being. Partly we are, wholly we hope to be; and the task in this college is to learn how to live in that state of suspension. No wonder Borden Parker Bowne said, "Life is a set of razor-edged tools, and the fool exists at his own peril."

Still more particularly, I can put the problem as a series of questions:

How can you raise the courage to do the best job of your life and then say to yourself, "Well after all, have I really begun to scratch the surface of my talent?"

Where are you going to find the leisure, the peace and the quiet to revel in the excellence which is always all around you?

How does one gain the imagination wide enough to breach the bounds of what is and has been?

Where do you learn the necessary sensuous keenness and emotional vigor?

Where do you find the intellect worthy of guiding your exploration of God's creation?

Where do you get the audacity to look upon all of those who became successful by the method of cutting off just a little, by not being too bright or too kind, but just generous enough? Where do you get the audacity to see these people, hear society chant their praise and yet dare for yourself to live with senses, intellect, emotions and spirit wide open?

Where do you get the sheer energy to go on, and on brilliantly?

Where do you get the resiliency to forgive others and—what is much more difficult—to forgive yourself?

How do you build into your muscles and glands and brain cells the habits of infinite patience so that you can take the long withering days of small successes and small failures without drying up in boredom?

Where do you get the total self-discipline so that you can trust yourself in any circumstance, knowing in advance where you are likely to commit treason so that you can, like old Ulysses, beg others to lash you to the mast against your own faithlessness?

In short, how are you going to learn to live in the absence of excellence while you're on the way toward it?

On this most difficult question we of the faculty are jointly learners with you students. If we have the wisdom of burnt fingers, we depend upon you for verve to renew us.

A college, a Christian liberal arts college, it seems to me is a community of persons devoted to the love of all excellence, gathered together to learn to love it, to study its nature, and to learn how to live in its absence.

A Child's Curiosity

CLARE CHAMBERS

What is in a drop of rain
That falls to the earth?
Happiness, sadness?
Tell me what it's worth.

My sweet child who asks
About the drop of rain,
Listen very closely while
I tell this story again.

'Tis God who made the rain, the sun
The breeze which calmly blows,
The tree, the flower, the mulberry bush,
The river which swiftly flows.

Can't you see, my little child,
Without this drop of rain,
These things He made and made so well,
Would all have been in vain.

How unique is this universe
And even so our own green earth—
All things are made by God alone
All things are of great worth.

RED CHINA MUST BE RECOGNIZED

Sallie McSwain

Events of the past few months have shown the lack of soundness of the Asian policy of the United States, particularly toward Communist China. One criticism of the policy is in regard to the refusal to diplomatic recognition of the Red-controlled government. This aspect of policy arises indirectly in the crisis of the Quemoy situation, in which the Nationalist Chinese and the United States hold defense against the Reds of the mainland. Will the United States withdraw her support, or will she continue to defend the Nationalist attempts to hold the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu in order to provide a bulwark for the holdings on Formosa against Red attacks which began on August 23?

The dilemma of answering the question could have been averted long before now if the United States had recognized the nation of Communist China and had not lined allies in the United Nations against its acceptance into that body. It is, however, not too late to change. But our State Department stands firm in theory, if not in practice, to refuse to recognize the mainland as the representative of the Chinese peoples and as a world power. The latest stalling of action occurred on September 19 when the General Assembly Steering Committee after bitter debate accepted the United States proposal to postpone for a year a consideration of Red Chinese recognition.

The whole situation is void of realistic, flexible thought. Since 1949 the Communist regime has occupied the mainland. The United States, however, has continued since 1928 to approve the Nationalist Government as the Government of the Republic of China. This position was strengthened in 1955 by a treaty with the Chiang group for purposes of mutual defense. This so-called mutual defense agreement, however, was hardly more than another in the long series of mistakes in shaping American-Chiang relationships.

Nine years ago the Nationalist government abandoned the mainland of China. It is now high time to consider whether it is representative of China. This would be a first realistic step. The action should come by the United States herself, but in view of the present situation could hardly be possible without first settling the question of protection of Quemoy and Matsu.

Another course is possible. The United Nations was set up as a body to establish and preserve world peace; the United States is in agreement with this statement. There are no means of dealing with the world population if there can be no means of representation of the population. In principle there has been found no superior way of promoting a peaceful world than through the assembly of nations. It is through selfish, blundering actions, such as those made by the United States State Department officials in their dictates to our delegates, that the process breaks down.

In actuality it does not seem in keeping with our democratic ideals to support recognition of Communist-controlled groups. We do, nevertheless, maintain diplomatic

(Continued on page 22)

OU EST SAM?

Helen Baltzell and Betty Neal

Considering ourselves worldly and well-travelled—we had spent one week in Paris—we arrived, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, at the front steps of the University of Geneva on Monday, the fourteenth day of April, 1958. Reeking with self-confidence (after all, we were juniors at Queens College) and bearing in hand our *Shorter Guide to the French Language*, we were ushered into the inner-sanctum, the office of Monsieur Blanc, for the purpose of immatriculation. He smiled; we smiled. He sat down; we sat down. He said "Bonjour"; we said "Hi y'all." One hour and two French dictionaries later, we understood that he desired to see our "permis de sejours," our resident visas. Obtaining this necessary document, we soon discovered, entailed a visit to the city police. This we did in great haste; and, upon our return to the office of Monsieur Blanc, we found that office closed until the twenty-third day of May.

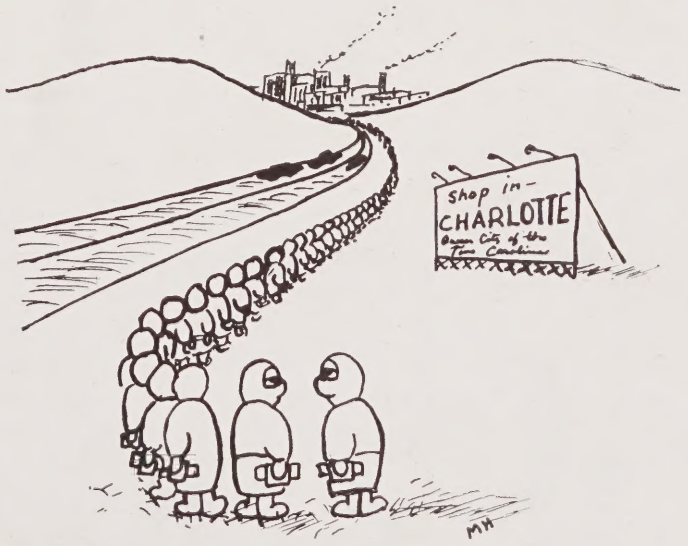
Recovering quickly from the afore-mentioned frustration, we took our next step: registering for classes. We had not the slightest idea that the University was made up of 4,363 different schools. Each school had three offices and from each of these we had to obtain a pink paper adorned with the seal of the University—which, by the way, was founded in 1559 *Schola Genevensis*. Finally we were registered and admitted to classes.

Our troubles, however, had just begun; we had to pay. Pay what? Pay who? Pay when? The frantic cycle began again. By this time our hearts were crying out for the organization of registration at Queens. Even the fact that the cashier spoke English did little to boost our morale; he greedily took our money.

At long last we were regular students of this famed institution. We relaxed, but not for long. We looked at the calendar and discovered that three months had flown by. We had twenty-two minutes to register for exams.

We now realize that we could have avoided all of this confusion if we had heeded the advice of an American friend. His advice? "Find Sam and all would be well."

P.S. If anyone knows the whereabouts of "Sam", please notify the Secretariat of the University of Geneva, Geneva, Switzerland.



Registration is such a bore.

OF POETS AND POETRY

1. Who knocks at the door? or
   "For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongued gate,
   That he may enter? . . ."

2. See who is there. or
   "Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
   And tell me who comes yonder. . . ."

3. Shut the door. or
   "The wooden guardian of our privacy
   Quick on its axle turn. . . ."

4. Bring my clothes. or
   "Bring me what Nature, tailor to the Bear,
   To Man himself denied: She gave me Cold,
   But would not give me Clothes. . . ."

5. Light the fire. or
   "Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
   Quick to expand th' inclement air congealed
   By Boreas' rude breath. . . ."

6. Snuff the Candle. or
   "Yon Luminary amputation needs,
   Thus shall you save its half-extinguished life."

7. Open the letter. or
   "Wax! render up thy trust. . . ."

8. Uncork the bottle and chip the bread. (the living end!)
   "Apply thine engine to the spongy door,
   Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
   And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat."

Taken from A. Pope's "The Art of Sinking in Poetry."

Robert Louis Stevenson

CLARE CHAMBERS

He who loves adventure
  And rides the sounding sea,
Finds a Treasure Island
  An extraordinary key.

Whispering waves, we hear your chants
  And watch your urging ways,
Step by step we go with you
  Back to adventure days.

Mystic voyage delight our hearts
  With greater things our plea,
A pirate's ship, a treasure chest,
  The land of mystery.

To hold the wonders we have seen
  Discard your duller side,
Dream the dream that one man dreamed
  And venture far and wide.

THE ESCAPE

SUSAN BURNS

The dawn was gray and misty. Through the tangled brush, a lone figure crept, scarcely causing the thick damp grass to stir. A cry to halt broke the stillness. A young man in the dull uniform of the Russian army stepped forward, lowered his rifle to focus full on the figure in the grass, and repeated his order. From the grass rose a girl of eighteen. Her snagged clothing silently told the story of her night's journey through the thickest part of the Hungarian woods. As she looked up at her captor, her brown eyes filled with recognition.

"Nicholas, it's you! Thank Heaven! Anyone else would have shot me on sight. This morning the army moved into our home. They killed our whole family. I wasn't in the house, or they would have killed me also. I've come all this way to find you. I'd begun to think I never would. Nicholas, we're the only ones left. We've got to get out of the country. We'll be killed also. You don't know what awful things they've done. Everything has changed so much. Nothing is the way we planned it. You've got to help me get past the border guard. You've got to get out also. Please, Nicholas, help me!"

A shot resounded through the dark woods. A soldier walked his post in the growing golden light of dawn.

MORE PERSONS SHOULD RISE ABOVE THE MAD RUSH OF SOCIETY!
YOU MEAN FLY?!
WE BECOME ENMESHED IN THE MANUFACTURED VALUES OF THE WORLD! 'TIS A CRIME!
IGNORE LIFE...GO TO AN ISLAND AND THINK!
MOVE INTO A WOODS AND MEDITATE!
LET'S PULL OUR ROOTS AND LEAVE LIFE!
TURN FROM THE HUMAN RAT RACE... EXIT!
BUT...BUT... WE'D NEVER MAKE ANY MONEY!
I COULDN'T STAND THAT!
NO MONEY! WOW! OOOOF!
THE ROOTS GROW DEEP! AWFULLY DEEP!
BILL JOHNSON A.C.P.

QUEMOY CRISIS AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE TO THE FREE WORLD

VERONICA CHOW

The tension over the Quemoy and Matsu Islands has sharpened into a world-wide crisis and threatens not only the island of Taiwan but that of the free world as well. The question "Should we take a firm stand against this ever increasing aggression of the Communists on these islands?" has become a controversial one. Indeed, what is the importance of Quemoy and Matsu to the free world? Perhaps, to many in the free world at large, especially those who are geographically remote from the scene, continued Nationalist occupation of the Quemoy and Matsu Islands may seem anomalous. They have argued eloquently that these far-off islands have nothing to do with the actual defense of Taiwan and its nearby islands, the Penghus. In fact, they regard the defense of Quemoy as an act too wasteful and unwise in the long run. However, the Nationalists and those who are well familiar with the apparent aggressiveness of the Communists consider these outposts to be of vital importance in both the short-term and the long-term view.

First of all, it is necessary for us to be aware of the unbreakable tie between Quemoy and Taiwan, the present seat of the Chinese Nationalist government, if freedom from Communism is ever to be restored to the millions of Chinese now under Communist tyranny. The Nationalist government has to have posts on the mainland which would serve as a starting point or a stepping stone for their ultimate return to the continent. So in spite of their insignificance, Quemoy and Matsu represent to the Nationalist the principle of the free world resistance to further Communist expansion by force. It may not be widely known abroad that the Nationalist Chinese hold these small outposts to be of military value far out of proportion to their size. One authoritative Nationalist official described the islands as "crickets with their antenna watching the mainland." They are bases for intelligence and psychological warfare operations whose loss would be no small blow to the Nationalist military establishment. From these bases radio equipment and other intelligence material are being delivered to mainland sympathizers and agents. Anti-Communists on the mainland are assisted from here in escaping the oppressive regime.

Furthermore, since the islands also prevented the Communists from making use of the coastwise sea lanes to assist in building Quemoy and Matsu Islands and are indeed the last remaining foothold of a nation's freedom on the entire Chinese continent, the Nationalists undoubtedly will defend them no matter what price they have to pay, for these posts concern not only the future of China as a nation but also that of the free world as a whole. These off-shore posts form an essential link between the Chinese people in Taiwan and those in China. The millions of Chinese people both on the island of Taiwan and overseas are hoping daily that one day they will be able to be united with their families and friends on the mainland which holds forever in their hearts a permanent affection. True, it is not the little island of Taiwan but the tremendous continent of China that they call their home. Taiwan is but a temporary dwelling place for those whose homes and friends were once destroyed by the Communists.

Thus, to break the tie by surrendering Quemoy and Matsu to the Communists would shatter the hopes of millions of Chinese. Even worse, it will be as damaging a setback as could take place at this time not only to the morale of President Chiang's government but also to the free world. Eventually, from sudden despair and inadequate communication, it might even result in the complete overthrow of the Nationalist government in Taiwan. If so, then it will assure a further triumphant step of Communism against the principles of the free world.

The only way to prevent increasing aggression of Communism in the Far East is to stand firmly on the side of Free China in the defense of Quemoy and Matsu. To relinquish them would be one more significant step backward in a long series of morale-killing retreats. If the evacuation of the Tachen Islands in 1955 had never occurred, perhaps the present crisis in Quemoy would not have taken place at all. Of course, we cannot successfully predict the outcome of the current situation, but one thing is clear: historical incidents have shown that the foreign policies of the Communists are extremely aggressive, so long as the people of the free world are willing to give in. Yet, when their actions are checked, they dare not proceed so eagerly to endanger the freedom of others. If for the sake of temporary cease-fire, we sacrifice our principle, before long we will find ourselves involved in a series of similar crises; each surpasses the former one in strengthening the power of Communism. Thus, to end the Quemoy conflict is to continue our support of Taiwan in its defense of these strategic posts. Through a united effort from the free world, may the present Quemoy conflict soon be less entangling, and may there not be another Quemoy crisis in the future.

Selected Poetry

by

Suzanne Carruthers

I just pity you.
No contempt,
No anguish of heart.
How long has it been—
One month, two?
The days go quickly by
But at moments stand
To behold your mocking,
Gleaming eyes.
Youth oftimes errs.
So fate deemed us not.
You will grow up,
Awake in a world of hells.
Such a child: I pity you.

Yet, in some small part
Of my heart I believe
I am never to forget.
I love you still.
No! My impetuous heart cries:
I forgot for the moment . . .
I just pity you.

Love was kind, gentle
dear to my heart when
in those days of
youth
I walked amid
cloud-pink blossoms and
skies of azure blue.

Now you are gone
and no longer do I need
the flowers, the skies.
Life is empty—even
with these beauties . . .
you are gone.

I need love
in every waning moment
I cry
Some have no need for this gift
but I am lonely.

God—why must it be this way
To wish for death
before life has begun?

The Rain of Tomorrows

Harriet Houston

And it rained–
And he stood outside my window
With arms reaching upward,
Stretching outward,
Encompassing only me and the Almighty.
And still it rained–
And he spoke
Mellow, melodious, warming words
Beautiful, free, floating verse
That lifted my heart and ordered life.
And it rained–
And it rained–
And it rained. . . .

The Absolute

Sylvia McKenzie

Roused by diff'ring emotion,
Circumstances press or soar;
Dew falls of doubt or devotion
And seldom the soul's as before.

Strange that from both joy and grief,
Of depth-measure never the same,
The soul bleeds this dew in relief,
And men give it "tears" for a name.

Yet always, according to Nature's plan,
Dew-bringing night must obey
And flee with the weight it began
When Earth knows the Manifest of Day.

Poem—

C. S. Whisnant

On the brink of the final and absolute break
Beyond the fruitless beatitudes
We stand and hold a silent wake
For all the pleasant platitudes
That gave us grace and strength to bear
The sight of Christ hung by his hands
Alive with agony. The air
Rolls red with dust. The sky expands
And all the downdraft of demands
For answers to such sacrifice
Deluges us. Who understands
The debt we owe? The final price?
And who must pay, must ever pay
And pay and pave the fruitless way
Back to peace beyond the brink
Must crush all sensual love and shrink
Our heady heathen hearts to cope
With God in his enormous scope,
Sacrifice our ardent lust
To a faith we can not trust.
And do not have before we break
Away from what we thought was life.
Do we owe this? And for whose sake
Do we induce, endure this strife?

Philosophers

Harriet Houston

What will you do when day does come
When death does all around you lie
No matter where you cast your eye–
A fantasy divine!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Mrs. Rousseau! Please call him off! I promise we'll never park in front of Burwell again!

Now, Dr. Larson. Don't get excited about last night. We're just two fun-loving college kids!

But, Dr. Lewis, I tell you something did go wrong in your experiment!

I am a Beatnik.

"I don't care if you are getting married! You've had your three cuts!"

Now that I've graduated I just had to go back and pick one!

Poem—

ALITA WHITE

We loved
And tried not
To let others
Destroy us,
But they did;
And we forgot,
As all lovers do.

We were
Neither content
With the present,
Nor true
To the future,
But inconstant,
As all lovers are.

We were
No different—
No less sentimental,
No less possessive
Or childish—
But imperfect
As all lovers are.

We held
The present
Too tightly,
Demanded
Too much
Of the future
As all lovers do.

Yet others
Destroyed us—
Were jealous,
Laughed,
And fitted us
Into the pattern
Of all lovers.

We found
The present
Absurd,
The future
Withdrawn
And forgotten—
Forgotten
Like all lovers.

I Will . . .

ANONYMOUS

I will write you a letter from my heart,
  written with tears for ink and then
I will stamp it with honeysuckle scent,
  so you will know I haven't forgotten.
I will seal that letter with kisses
  and send it on the wings of the wind;
I will wait and wait for the answer,
  asking the stars and the flowers—when?

The leaves that fall bring no mail.
The snow lies white in a ghostly spite.
The stars have failed to shine—dark . . .
The rain in April to sprinkle—damp . . .

There is wind today—a letter, I pray . . .
  and still I wait, I will. . . .

Poem

LAURA PRINCE DAVIS

Frost appeared in late October
    Dozed—
And sensing the leaves already dried,
Etched his frozen forms upon their stilled veins
    Waited—
    Watched—
Then sprang cautiously into silent November.

Waiting

JANICE HUDSON

The shuffle of feet,
  the beating of heart,
The clanging of metal,
  the rush for the answer,
The moment of looking,
  the anguish of seeing,
Fresh disappointment.

Poem—

Marilyn Hackett

We had two weeks of glory
unwilling to admit
that it could end
Two weeks of flame
of pleasure and blind promises
deftness to the whispers of
reason and reality

Two years of misery we had
unwilling to admit
that it must end
Two years of ashes and of pain
kind lies
cold letters
reality

Two weeks, two years
wasted but not
forgotten
yet

Sonnet III

Mary Stenhouse

When Time has buried deep within the page
Of this grey volume these brief golden years,
And wreaked the cruel exchange of youth for age
Which trembles with the waking of old fears
That come to haunt the night. Then shall I hear
The voices of the changing seasons cry
That life is fleeting, fleeting. And the year
Is but a song that fate has deemed to die.

And that the thought be borne, I shall unearth
From lost Time's depths some beauty of a day
Now past—some April joy of precious worth
To ease the pangs of winter's dread decay.
That treasure will our love remembered be
For this was more than beautiful to me.

Autumn Class

Anonymous

There was a leaf on the teacher's shoe today,
And the wind blew loud in the old oak trees.
The leaf was brown—so were the shoes,
And the floor was, too.

The wall was black by the radiator, by the window.
And the sun came in. The wind was mad.
The door was closed
And the window was, too.

Would the teacher win? The students wanted out.
The leaf on the shoe was the fall
Of summer's last bout.

The bell rang by the closed door
The wind whistled by the watched window
A squeak, a twist, a shuffle—out!
Swift and I'm last in the class,
'Cept for a leaf, a light,
Memories of a summer passed,
And a window—glassed.

Flies

Betty Jenkins

A summer day
A swirling fan
Buzzing flies
One,
Two,
Three
Swat . . . Swat
Only one
Swat . . .
None.

Love

Janice Hudson

The blush of cheek,
the touch of hands,
The glow of eyes,
the smile of lips,
The fear of loss,
the joy of gain—
Love first realized.

RACE FOR BLOOD

Marilyn MacQueen

The powerful six-horse van roared under the archway on which the green block letters of "Roosevelt Raceway" stood out boldly against the sky. Following the van, an old-model black automobile lumbered along, its faded paint smattered with mud and its top burdened with pounds of horse-racing equipment.

Will Bennett's face peered anxiously through the dust-smeared windshield. His jaw was set hard as if awaiting the solid punch of a boxer. From under his dark eyebrows cool blue eyes stared at the back of the van which held his prize race horse, and thick smoke billowed from the pipe he had clinched in his teeth. His dark hair was streaked with strands of grey and was clamped to his head by an old red and white racing cap. As the caravan rolled into the barn area, Will relaxed his grip on the steering wheel of the old black car.

He just sat a moment, too tired to think. His gaze swept over the grounds of his new surroundings, surveying the lay-out of one of the most expansive organizations of horse racing he had ever seen. This was Roosevelt Raceway spread out before him. It was the racing capital of the East; and, naturally, it was the best-known spot on the map of Long Island. The roofs of the huge, forty-stall horse barns stood out in the late afternoon light. Arranged as a wagon wheel, forty barns formed the spokes around a hub which was the raceway clubhouse for owners, trainers, and drivers of the valuable racing stock that the barns held. Towering beyond this circumference was the massive construction of the Roosevelt grandstand. Its adjoining clubhouse sparkled white, and the lights of the half-mile racetrack loomed above, almost top-heavy with rows of flood lights.

Will Bennett shoved open the door of his car. He straightened up in his wrinkled driving clothes, stretched, yawned, and then let his eyes drop to the ground, to his shoes, and to the dust that lined the creases of them. Will chuckled as he realized how far this dust had traveled from his home in upstate New York. His head spun with mixed emotions. His mind and back were tense from the long trip he had made with his trotter, Borneo; yet he was eager to settle Borneo in his stable and prepare him for the twenty thousand dollar stake to be run during the middle of the week. At last he had one good horse eligible for a big race. Someone hollered, "Hey Bennett, where'd you want this horse put? Too late to be foolin' round here long." Will's patience was strained at the abruptness of the truck driver's demand. The outrageous price the van company had charged for hauling Will's horse was enough to cover any extra tip the truck driver might demand for courtesy.

"Barn G!" Will retorted. His mind whirled to action, and he could think only of Thursday night. "Thursday night, the big night, the big race—Win this, Borneo," he thought, "and you'll be in green grass forever, and so will I." It was almost a prayer; for he felt the yearning so deeply, the necessity of winning so desperately.

Thursday night had come. The lights flooded the great raceway and up into the starry night. On the long backstretch of the racing oval, Borneo sped along at an even clip, nearing completion of the last warm-up lap. His big-boned body synchronized perfectly; and the white lather of sweat, which accumulated around his harness, ran down his sleek, powerful legs. Will felt the harmony in his horse as he wheeled along behind him in the two-wheel race sulky. The seat of the sulky was directly over the action of the horse's legs. His own legs were straddled wide into the stirrups on the side of the two sulky shafts. Borneo's tail blew against Will's body, for the driver was up quite close to his horse. This promoted the unity of movement. They are ready, and Will's heart leapt at the thought of half of a twenty-thousand-dollar purse. He knew it was not best to think of this before a race, but his life was at stake, and most important, his family's life. Will painfully thought back to his recent conference with a doctor when he had been informed of a heart ailment which could be improved by immediate attention, perhaps an operation. Will had refused to let his wife know of this; and as he turned Borneo towards the starting gate, he avoided thinking of how three children just going into high school would need a father. This was the necessity of winning one more race.

Borneo's nose came up to the gate as it slowly began to move around the turn into homestretch. Behind the convertible's gate wings eight drivers held firm hands on eight horses whose muscles were wound as tightly as a spring ready to be set free. The two-beat rhythm of each horse quickened; and the thunder of hoofs became louder as it moved off the turn toward the mass of onwatching fans who were almost silent before a storm. Will strained to hold Borneo in the third-horse position. "Ease up, fellow. Save it now," he spoke soothingly to Borneo.

Suddenly the starter yelled, "Go!" and the gate roared ahead and off to the side, folding its wings. A spontaneous combustion filled the area as the powerful animals shot under the starting line, and the crowd burst into cheers and encouragements. However, there were no encouragements as earnest as the plea Will made to his mighty racer. "Go, boy. You're my chance. Go, Borneo Bennett!" Borneo's big heart pumped power into his legs as they pounded like pistons, eating up the yards of turf. Struggling desperately for the inside position on the turn, Borneo shot through the pack and held a lead as the field went into the backstretch. Will held his horse at an easy speed and sat easily in the saddle. He knew the race was not yet won, for anything could happen in a trotting race where the congestion of harness, race carts, and flying legs was so close that one mistake could hurl the entire field into a gory scene of accident.

Rounding the second turn and going into the front stretch, the trailing horses made their bid. Will dropped Borneo to third place and completed the first half mile with plenty of horsepower left to surge to the lead when the top horse had run down. "Looks good fellow. Hold your own!" Will called as they entered the backstretch for the second time. Will felt the hot breath of the number four horse over his right shoulder as the sweat flicked back from Borneo into his face. Will had loved this excitement in his youth; but now his age dampened his enthusiasm, and he longed to be relaxed in his small home with his family.

As the field rounded the last turn, the pace quickened, the crowds roared, the drivers yelled, and action was cut loose to the highest degree. "Now, Borneo, now!" Will yelled. "You've got it, boy, Go! Go!" Borneo surged to the outside

and made his powerful bid for the lead. Inch by inch Borneo gained until he was abreast with the second horse. "One more, boy. One more!" Will had his eyes on the finish line, failing to notice the one horse ahead of him wavering slightly. Suddenly the first horse buckled to the ground. A gasp went up from the grandstand as Will saw before him a mass of tangled horse, harness, and man. Blinding fear struck Will as he saw the pile-up nearing. Dropping the reins, he covered his head. His heart hurt. He felt a mighty swerve and braced for the impact.

There was no impact, and as he turned his head to see the clear ground racing beneath his wheels, a roar went up from the stands. Will grabbed for the reins, but Borneo had not broken his gait. Just then a voice boomed out over the speaker, "Winner of tonight's Grand Stake: Number three, Borneo, owned and driven by . . . ." Will heard no more; he just stared at the big horse ahead of him, and a faint smile covered his face as he drew Borneo to a walk.

THE WAIT

Susan Burns

The hot Georgia sun pounded against the metal roof of the small railroad station. Inside, the heat had caused the green paint on the walls to curl into small flakes and drop to the dirty floor. On one side of the room were *two* water fountains. A neat sign over the first proclaimed "White Only." A torn sheet of paper hung by a single strip of tape to the other and announced "Out Of Order."

In a corner of the station a Negro farmer in faded blue pants stood with his three-year-old son. The electric clock on the wall silently reminded them that the hottest part of the day had not yet arrived.

An hour went by, and still the pair stood silently in the corner of the slowly filling station. A train came and left, but still the pair stood close together. Trusting brown eyes looked up questioningly at his father. The silence of the station echoed back the question, "Why can't I have a drink of water?"

THE FIRST ONE

Suzanne Carruthers

As the blue haze of evening settled over the fields, a chilled wind clung tenaciously to the clusters of trees dotting the rolling landscape; the sun's last rays slithered silently over the distant mountains, finally lost all courage, and sank for a night of rest. The moon, lending its stream of light to the darkness of the hour, outlined a small form moving past a rustic barn. Down a path, illuminated only by the moon's irradiant glow, a young girl crept. The eerie light reflected from the dormant pond ahead gave a luster to her blonde hair and shed added light on a very small package in her hand.

Frequently the nervous girl would glance around as if expecting to see a host of arch-enemies flanking down upon her. Surely she had been careful earlier in the evening: for she had excused herself from supper under the pretense of having to study, devised a counterfeit from pillows placed in her bed, crept stealthily down the back stairs with the perfection of a professional criminal, and bribed Fido with a succulent ham bone. Now nothing could break the ecstasy of this momentous night!

As the ripe moon hoisted its cloudy sails and navigated its course higher into the sky, the girl's destination loomed in front of her—an arbor of white pines beckoned her to hurry, hurry, hurry. At last she reached the private convent of her own little world, her earthly heaven.

Relaxing her tense body on a bed of pine needles, the girl hastily fingered the small parcel, wondering whether or not to open it. No, too early; the sounds of laughter from her home were still vibrant on the heavy night air.

How had she come to be in such a precarious state of being? Growing up was too tedious for an already adult girl; wasn't it a wonder that she hadn't taken this responsibility upon herself three years ago when she was eleven? Her plan had been conceived then and had grown with her. No sense of guilt—well, almost none entered her mind. But *now* before someone missed her at home, and the laughter had ceased. Perfect!

She took the package in her unsteady hand, ripped away the wrapping, and peered at the object of her secretive labors. The aroma reached her nostrils; an "adult" scent, that's what it was. A match was lighted for a better view. Yes, everything was fine.

A meaningful pause evolved, and then the warm, ecstatic glow that comes from only one thing: the solitary friendship of a girl and her first cigarette.

ISH!
SINCE SPUTNIKS ROSE... THERE IS NO REST FOR THE COLLEGIAN!
SCIENCE
BEAT RUSSIA WITH SCIENCE
LEARN A SCIENTIFIC TRADE
WE NEED GENIUS
SCIENTISTS ARE OUR ONLY HOPE!
BE BRILLIANT
YOU, TOO, CAN BE A HERO! RESEARCH
IF WE HAVE SCIENTISTS WE HAVE THE FUTURE! NOTHING ELSE COUNTS!
SIGH
BEING NORMAL MAKES ONE SO USELESS THESE DAYS!

WHY SHOULD I WRITE OF MYSELF?

by Laura P. Davis

I do not wish to write of myself, for I do not choose to relate one of my personal experiences, make a confession with regard to my mistakes, or comment upon the world about me. I do not desire to become lyrical through being whimsical, serious, or satirical; neither do I want to discern the endless suggestiveness of every-day affairs in a brooding, meditative spirit or write about various common anecdotes, individual instances of quick emotions, or vivid scrapes of happenings. Why should I be the poet in prose, sermonizing upon the most unpromising of paraphrases, annotations, commentaries, and texts? Why should I write upon the most trivial of personal affairs or about deep questions which my sober imagination ponders? Or why should I write of a matter, first in a grave, melancholy mood and then in a gay, carefree manner? Why should I observe the passing of days and extract from them my small mirths, sorrows, and moralities? No! I do not desire to do so.

Because I am locked inside of myself with no hope of finding the key which would set me free, I desire, rather, to write about those happenings which I have not myself experienced, but which have happened to those about me; I long to make an account of the confessions of thousands whom I shall never know as friend or enemy, for only through their disclosures can I begin to understand myself. And I wish to see the world and all its relationships through the eyes of an aging couple or a crippled child. I want to relate the incidents and events in the lives of a million strangers, tell of them, sing of them, write of them in gold-vermilion words. Why cannot I write of these things which are not common incidents, which are not the scraps of an eaten day, but the sum-total of the experiences of others' powerful emotions and jubilant moods? Why cannot I be the poet in poetry, writing, not of myself, but of an earth of others, always others? Oh, joyous thing! Oh, glorious silvered song of bodily peace! I wish to write only of others, for this is the way in which my barrier of reserve is broken. And the burning lava of my mind longs to erupt in spendor, saving myself from the destructive earthquake of my own personality!

TRANSITION

Sallie McSwain

The transition in the life of a person from the time he is a freshman in college until he is a junior involves many things. For me one of the most meaningful contributors to my growth during this period was the experience of the past summer when I represented Queens College at the Encampment for Citizenship in New York City.

Attending the Encampment, which is under the auspices of the American Ethical Society, were one hundred college-age youth representing a cross-section of our country, as well as delegates from abroad. Our time together was spent in an intense exploration of democratic ideals and participation in democratic processes which are vital to the American way of life. Involved in this program were lectures and discussions in areas such as economics, politics, international affairs, and civil rights. In addition, there were periods for individual and group study. But the most significant aspect of the Encampment for me resulted from associations with the other students. Through them I gradually began to see myself as an individual—not just a passing figure upon this earth, not just an irresponsible citizen of the United States, not an unconcerned student at Queens.

As I looked about me from day to day and saw the faces, all colors; as I talked with the other youth about their religious associations, for the most part quite liberal if any religious connections at all; as I heard their opinions and beliefs concerning the problems of modern man, well-founded beliefs and opinions, I came to a questioning of myself as an individual. Why am I here? What is my purpose? How can I best fulfill my purpose?

In searching for answers, I am beginning from a negative standpoint and am hoping to arrive eventually to positive conclusions. I am not living as a mere fleeting figure upon the earth. My purpose is not that of an irresponsible citizen. My purpose cannot be forwarded by existence as an unconcerned student.

Thoughts such as these confronted me this summer and brought me a step closer to maturity. I hardly believe one can ever attain a full maturity, but at least I am now seeing more clearly what maturity should be and hope that I can keep this goal in sight, for it is only through the constant challenge that one is able to grow.

It is indeed difficult to assemble the effects of the six weeks' experience upon me. The statements above are but a part of the thoughts occupying my mind since. What about the others? As a white Southerner, do I feel any differently from having studied, talked, and lived with Negroes? As a Protestant, did I gain a respect for beliefs of others whether they be Catholic, Jewish, those of the Ethical Society, or have no religious beliefs? As a citizen of the United States of America, can I accept the belief that nations of democracy and communism can peacefully coexist?

The Encampment for Citizenship is both an experiment in living and an experiment in thinking. For me it was a step, a major step in my development during the college years. So from the heterogeneous group at the Fieldston School in New York City back to the more homogeneous society of Queens College, Charlotte, I am but one of the many of us who are growing, who are seeking a place in life and seeking to fulfill the place as it is there before us.

A Letter

White Hall Hotel, Montague Street
London, W.C. 1, England
September 19, 1958

Dear Queens,

While Diana's Court has been coming to life for a new year, with harassed fathers staggering under freshman luggage, rapturous greetings, frantic plots about sections and suite mates, and perhaps a few leaves fallen already in the pool, I have been sitting in a bright walled garden behind Het Gulden Vlies (yes, like Jason's), a 16th century inn in the old university city of Leyden, and later by my flower-boxed window in the Uhize dela Moor in Amsterdam, watching the long barges chug past under the tall, cool houses that border the Prinsengracht Canal, and thinking about all of you and what to choose, out of my riches, to put into this letter. To share them with you is a deep desire, and I am grateful to your editor for asking me to do so; after all, I have done nothing to deserve this wealth except to follow my own precept, "Marry the right man!" Choice is painful, but perhaps this first chapter had better be about the sea, the rebirth of a slaughtered city, the personality of Holland, and the international community of scholarship.

Many travellers appear to me to cross the ocean without particularly noticing it. Shipboard life is absorbing, with its slipping of past and future ties, its brief, adventurous companionship, its multifarious food, its gaiety; yet infinitely more fascinating is the wonder that waits outside of every porthole, at the head of each companionway, below the white, encompassing rail and out on every side to the vast, pure curve of the horizon. When you take your voyage, stop in the midst of your gaiety and feel yourself held in the arms of the swinging sea, beautiful, powerful, and strangely draped about earth's whirling ball. It is a magical perspective. Some of you will remember Hemingway's name for it, "the last wild country left upon earth." Others will feel a mysterious lift, and wonder with Lanier, "I would I could know, what swimmeth below." Still others will become a part of Melville's company of masthead watchers!

When a traveller sails to Holland, he comes dramatically out of the great sea into a flat, green, smiling landscape, with plump sheep and cattle grazing almost within reach of the deck, bicycles pedaling busily along the stone-paved tops of the dikes, silver canals and red-tiled farms, and silhouetted against the distant horizon, a great stone church or the turning arms of an old windmill. It is the Ruysdael landscape, almost unchanged since he painted it for us in the 17th Century, the golden age of Dutch painting. Soon it gives way to the branching inner harbors and tremendous activity of Rotterdam, Europe's greatest port. After this landing, embarked in our small Volkswagen, Dr. Cumming and I started off into the extraordinary traffic of this city. Around us swirled every sort of bicycle known to man, motorized and push, bearing tanned boys in shorts, business men in Homburg hats, pretty girls, nuns, families with babies fore and aft (we saw a tandem with father and mother pedalling and three children aboard), flower carts, fish carts, policemen, and knapsacked tourists. Breathless, we brought up at a little cafe table on a sidewalk out of which grew a bed of purple and yellow flowers; over a cup of potage and a surprising kind of hot croquet on a buttered roll, we began to look at Rotterdam. This city showed us a courage we shall not forget. In 1940 it was "totally bombed" by Hitler. The entire center of the city was flattened. During the Occupation it was bombed again by the British to dislodge the Germans, and during the terrible last winter, many died from sheer privation. Rotterdam remembers. In the center stands a harsh, modern, symbolic statue, a distorted female figure with a jagged rent in her body, raising impotent and dislocated hands against the ferocity of the

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sky; young Dutch boys and girls come and stand before her, silent, reading the only words: "Mai, 1940." Yet all around her rises the modern city. Somehow, beginning in the terrible years, not only was rebuilding achieved, but beauty of design, efficiency of plan, fine creativity in architecture, landscaping and decoration. The shops are smart, the streets full of sun, the great windows open to sea and sky. Children are everywhere, tanned and happy; flowers glow and blaze; against the ashes of destruction and the pain of fear, Rotterdam brandishes her health, her gaiety, her children, and her flowers.

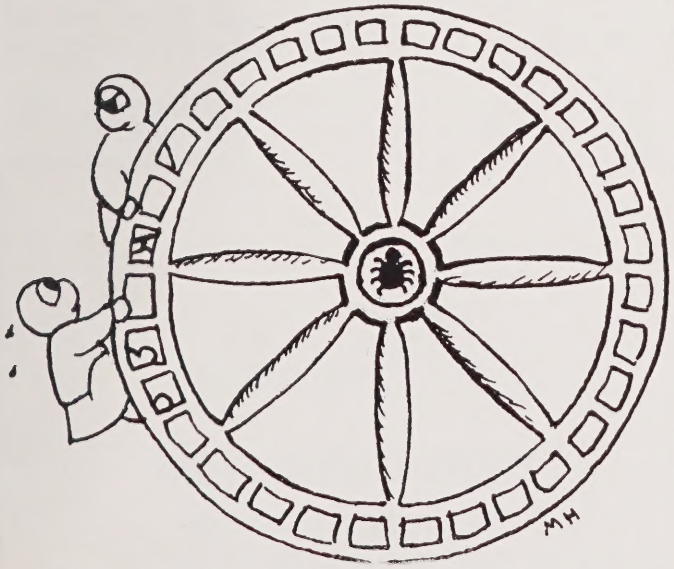
National generalizations can be very dangerous, slipping with ease into falsehood or prejudice. Nevertheless, a country has a personality, the more perceptible if it be a little nation. Perhaps I can suggest a few facets of the personality of Holland, illustrating with small sights and happenings which have seemed to carry meaning. In Holland, freedom is important. The first kings were called "stadthouders"; the greatest pictures are not of nobles, but of groups of burghers engaged in some cooperative enterprise, like Rembrandt's "The Night Watch." The professor of English at Leyden told us, "We have actually attracted a few undesirable students here because of the simple fact that the Crown Princess is one of our undergraduates! She is reading a very easy school." Holland through the years has been a refuge for persecuted minorities. We went to Wednesday night prayer meeting in the Pieterskerk in Leyden, which, from 1609 to 1620, sheltered, under its great stone arches and its broad evangelicalism, the little band of Separatists from Scrooby, England, who became the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. Yet one third of Holland is happily Roman Catholic, there is a Roman Catholic university at Nijmegen, and the government subsidizes the parochial schools, provided they meet its excellent standards. In the war, a student strike at Amsterdam, which cost many lives, protested the abuse of the Dutch Jews, of whom Spinoza was an early member. The streets are full of Indonesians, of pure and mixed blood; they have full rights of integrated citizenship. The cities in this tiny land are so near that they threaten to touch; yet, unbound by conformity, each preserves a distinct character, and we enjoyed each in a different way: Rotterdam the modern city, the great port; The Hague, dignified royal city; Delft, ancient miniature of brick-paved streets and small canals, painted for all time by Vermeer; Leyden, the mellow old university town, full of the silver sound of bells; and Amsterdam, the great old city of the merchants, spreading her wealth and dignity along a fan-shaped web of canals, beside the river which connects with all the world.

If love of freedom is the first trait apparent in the character of Holland, no less prevalent is a tremendous common sense, a sturdy realism which takes account of the fact that the price of freedom, in a predatory world, is, for a little nation, a high degree of discipline, order, efficiency, and ingenuity. The Dutch have had to wrest their river-delta country, not only from the greed of the great powers, but also from the constantly encroaching sea. We sailed along the Oude Rijn (a branch of the Rhine) near Leyden, the river surface not two feet from the tops of the enclosing dikes, the rich farm land of the Haarlem Polder (reclaimed from the sea) so far below on the other side of the dike that the tops of its high haystacks and loaded apple trees were below our boat. Yet so marvelously efficient is the system of water regulation that any rise in the river can be immediately pumped off into the network of controlling canals. Certain islands rise in the summer to bear harvest,

and are inundated each winter to hold surplus water. A dense population lives everywhere in shining, polished cleanliness. Countless house boats and freight barges on the canals are also homes; one sees the starched lace curtains at the tiny windows of the cabin, the red geranium in a neat pot, the spotless washing hung to dry. Efficiency and ingenuity reign; in Amsterdam, to post a letter, one waits for a tram car, and pops the letter into a small post box on its rear! "Why should it not take the letter?" said our host, "It is going straight to the post office!" Yet this efficiency is not cold, but the cooperative way of life of a very friendly people, who spend hours sitting over a cup of coffee at little cafe tables on sidewalks or in cozy restaurants, reading, chatting, discussing, and watching each other with endless fascination. Costumes have changed since Vermeer and Jan Steen and Nicholas Maes painted the life of the Dutch, but its essential qualities are the same.

In this day of perilous passage from one world crisis to another, of terrifying suction toward the war which must not be, it is a deeply satisfying experience to find unchanged the international community of scholars. Again and again, after the intricate process of penetrating an ancient library or archive, a fellow cartographer has appeared to say, "Dr. Cumming? But certainly! We know your work; we are delighted to put our resources at your disposal." Not only have the cartographers been professionally cordial, but they have invited us to their homes, offering us coffee and cake on charming little Delft plates, while the discussion ranged over the geographical conceptions of Mercator and Blaeu, and the cartographical relationships of the Dutch and Spanish in the 17th Century. International lines disappear when interests are shared. How is this linguistically possible, you ask? Only because in Holland every high school graduate has studied three foreign languages, and feels it discourteous not to address each visitor in his native tongue! I wished most heartily that you all might have been with me to be stimulated to linguistic study, when a rosy little messenger boy, delivering his message in Dutch and being thanked in English, exclaimed, "Oh, pardon me, Sor! I did not know you weer an English mon!"

From London, where I am finishing this first chapter in a little hotel beneath the august walls of the British Museum, I send you love and greetings, and my hope that this year at Queens may be filled with accomplishment and happiness for you all. *Elizabeth C. Cumming*



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EDDIE YEAST

Why must I strive forth—go forth?
Driving—driving—never ceasing
Driving me forth—driving—
Ceasing? No, not ceasing.
What then? Not ceasing? What then? What?
The answer?

Striving.
STRIVING!

I cease not. I strive

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(Continued from page 7)

relations with many governments of which we disapprove, such as the Soviet Union. Recognition signifies an awareness of things as they exist and a willingness to accept them. Indications of approval or disapproval are not involved. Democracy must hold to ideals, but not permit them to be self-destructive in narrowness.

History has shown that non-recognition as a diplomatic tool has not been effective. For example, our non-recognition of the Soviet regime from 1917-1933 had no noticeable effect on that government's ability to stay in power. The situation is similar to our refusal to recognize the government of the Chinese mainland today. Its growth in power cannot be disputed.

It would seem neither probable nor possible that our government would give this recognition to the Peiping regime immediately. The alternative is to abstain from opposition to a hearing of the question in the United Nations body, for it is quite likely to come to the floor this week in plenary sessions which must decide whether to accept or reject the Steering Committee's recommendation. If put to a vote, it is probable that Red China's admission would be favored. By positively supporting the vote, the United States would prevent the U.S.S.R. from gaining a major diplomatic victory.

George F. Kennan, former State Department official and ambassador to Russia, stated recently, "There are times when the yielding of an unsound position, if conducted with resolution and fortitude, will win greater respect than the transparent effort to cling to such a position for the mere sake of appearance."[1]

We are defending the Nationalists because of our convictions against the evils of Communism. We shall make fruitless moves on a unilateral basis. It is only through the United Nations that we can hope for a permanent peace. It is only through representation of all civilized peoples that a foundation for this peace is begun. Its purposes will be furthered by admission of the Red-controlled government. Each side must give in. The Warsaw talks are likely to have no beneficial results. Only with pressure and judgment of all nations can this issue find a permanently peaceful settlement.

On these bases are the following proposals: that the United States cease to block Chinese Communist seating in the United Nations; that the United States support UN settlement of the crisis of Quemoy and Matsu; and that the United States herself finally come to diplomatic recognition of the controlling regime.

[1] Kennan, George F. "Kennan Assays Quemoy." New York *Herald-Tribune,* September 21, 1958, p.1 ff.

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